



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

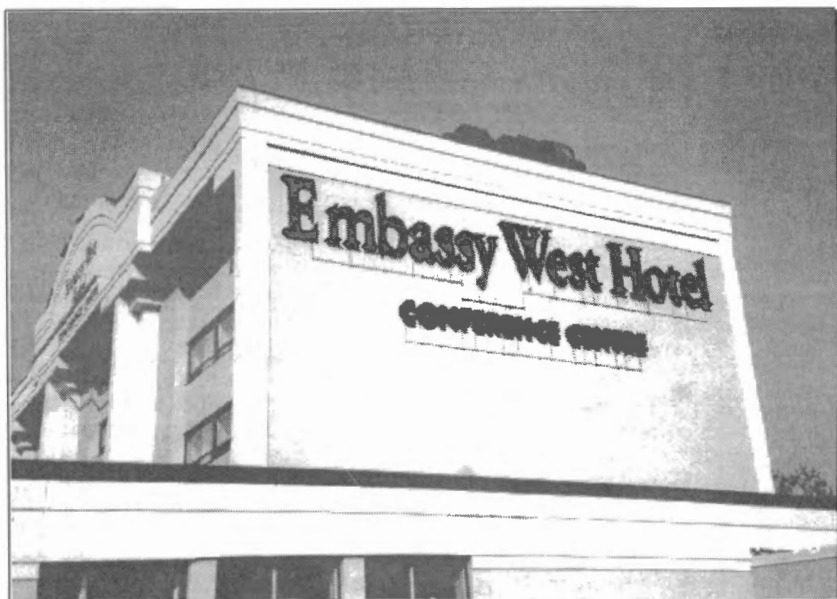
1832 — 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

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NUMBER 6



2001 — An Alger Odyssey

*Sneak preview of
the Ottawa convention*

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THE DIAMOND RING

A mystery story by 'Oliver Optic'



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President's column

The new Horatio Alger Society Constitution and Bylaws have been adopted. I am happy to report that there was good "turnout," that 100% of the ballots have been counted, and the vote on the Constitution and Bylaws proposals was 99% in favor. All ballots were appropriately postmarked and there were no hanging chads or dimpled ballots. There was no necessity of a recount, and since we have no optiscan equipment or other fancy gadgets, all votes were manually tallied by the Executive Director, who had to be as bipartisan as possible. Thanks to everyone who participated in all phases of this process! Incidentally, the H.A.S. Constitution and Bylaws, as ratified by the membership, can be found in the July-August 2000 *Newsboy* on Pages 19-23.

I would also like to thank all those generous members who have contributed to the **HAS Strive & Succeed Award** fund this year. You can find a list of these contributors on Page 6. Donations are still welcome.

It is time to begin thinking about nominations for three new directors, who will serve three-year terms expiring in 2004. Angelo Sylvester, Tom Davis, and Bob Kersch will complete their terms this year. I have appointed a nominating committee consisting of Ivan McClymont, Gordon Huber and Jim Thorp, to consider and solicit nominations for the three directors we will elect in May. Ivan has agreed to chair the nominating committee. Please think about good candidates for these positions and let Ivan or one of the other committee members know who you would like to see nominated.

When I spoke with Ivan recently, he reported that he attended a terrific Henty Society convention in Maine this fall, which brought participants from Great Britain. Jim Thorp reports that his son Dan has helped provide a new grandson, Nathan James Thorp, who is now six months old. Jim is working long hours with his renovation work and loving it, but he also loves getting to see his new grandson daily, since Nathan is in daycare at Jim's house. Gordon insists he has nothing new to report, but he sounds as if life is good.

Swarthmore now has two H.A.S. members, since Christine Gillespie (PF-1015) joined me in the "ville" about a month ago. She moved from nearby Wallingford, and I am looking forward to seeing more of her now that we are neighbors.

In other news, former H.A.S. President John Cadick, who we haven't seen in awhile, visited Bill Gowen and

(Continued on Page 5)

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of *Strive and Succeed* that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the great American dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

OFFICERS

CAROL NACKENOFF	PRESIDENT
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RALPH D. GARDNER	EMERITUS

Newsboy, the official newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bi-monthly (six issues per year). Membership fee for any 12-month period is \$25, with single issues of *Newsboy* costing \$4.00. Please make all remittance payable to the Horatio Alger Society.

Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to **Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.**

Newsboy is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY H.A.S.

- Horatio Alger, Jr., A Comprehensive Bibliography*, by Bob Bennett (PF-265); republished by MAD Book Co., 1999
- Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era*, by Ralph D. Gardner (PF-053).
- The Fictional Republic: Horatio Alger and American Political Discourse*, by Carol Nackenoff (PF-921).
- Publication Formats of the 59 Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. as Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*, by Bob Sawyer (PF-455) and Jim Thorp (PF-574).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by A.L. Burt*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by M.A. Donohue & Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by Whitman Publishing Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by The New York Book Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales (PF-258).

Newsboy ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, P.O. Box 70361, Richmond, VA 23255.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send ads or "Letters to the Editor" to *Newsboy* editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047.

2001 — An Alger Odyssey

or, Onward to Ottawa

By Doug Fleming (PF-899)

ODYSSEY: Any long adventurous journey.

In 2001, a long (or short) adventurous journey for Horatio Alger Society members and friends will end in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, for the annual convention. From Thursday, May 3, to Sunday, May 6 we will be enjoying the hospitality of the newly renovated Embassy West Hotel Conference Centre. A block of rooms at reduced rates has been reserved. A huge meeting room will enable us to hold many of our sessions, and a hospitality room will provide a place to meet and enjoy snacks and beverages.

From the Thursday reception to the farewell breakfast on Sunday, delegates will take part in the usual auctions, book sale, presentations and other interesting activities. An added feature will be a Country Supper in my nearby hometown of Pakenham, followed by an evening of "Variety 2001" in the local Community Centre. A celebration of the Ottawa Valley, the show will feature local talent, some of whom have gained national and international acceptance.

Some of you may wish to take an extended holiday and stay for the Tulip Festival about 10 days later. Thousands of tulips (hopefully) will be in full bloom, and a Craft market and top entertainment will be located in Major's Hill Park behind the Chateau Laurier in downtown Ottawa.

While in Ottawa, there will be opportunity to see the Parliament Buildings (site of our federal government),

the Rideau Canal, the Museum of Civilization, the National Archives and the beautiful parks and driveways of our National Capital. Ottawa is considered to be a safe city, with a diversity of cultures.

Bringing books to Canada will be simplified as I have been in touch with Revenue Canada Customs and they have supplied me with a latter outlining the customs category under which our books would fall. A copy will be included in mailings before the convention.

A big advantage of coming to Canada is the exchange on the Canadian dollar. The Canadian dollar stands about 65 cents to the U.S. dollar, so you will find that your money will go a lot farther. It is helpful to the host, too! We can provide many items which can be included

in the registration fee (which must cover all convention expenses). Some meals, with lots of variety, will be included, while others are on your own.

Weather in early May can be cool in the Ottawa area but often, warm weather brings the tulips out early, so we may be lucky!!

The Ottawa Valley is filled with many interesting places to visit. In nearby

Almonte, the Canadian Basketball Hall of Fame and Naismith Museum feature native Dr. James Naismith, the inventor of basketball. A few kilometers away stands the Mill of Kintail — a tribute to R. Tait McKenzie, sculptor. McKenzie designed an Olympic medal and created statues in many locations, including Almonte and Scotland.

More detailed information, hotel reservation information, our tentative agenda and the official convention registration form will be included in the January-February 2001 issue of **Newsboy**.

We're looking forward to showcasing Ottawa and the Ottawa Valley in 2001. Won't you join us?



The Embassy West Hotel Conference Centre in Ottawa, Ontario, Canada will be the site of the Horatio Alger Society convention May 3-6, 2001.

Photo by Doug Fleming

Editor's notebook

I want to open this column by giving a "plug" to **Dime Novel Round-Up**, which in its current issue (Vol. 69, No. 6, December 2000) gives the first comprehensive look at one of the most important authors in our hobby: James Otis Kaler. This article is authoritative because it was written by John Kaler, grandson of the familiar "James Otis" of *Toby Tyler* fame.

Dime Novel Round-Up editor J. Randolph Cox (PF-598) worked closely with John Kaler over the past two years during the planning and preparation of the article. At the Popular Culture Association conference last April in New Orleans, Kaler presented a paper titled "James Otis Kaler: A Biographical Sketch," the basis for this article. John Kaler, who lives in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, will present a sequel, this one titled "James Otis Kaler: A Bibliographical Survey," on April 13, 2001, at the PCA conference in Philadelphia.

In his current article, John Kaler states "There is no definitive listing of all the books he (James Otis Kaler) has written, but, working through at least 20 publishers, he produced over 160 books during his lifetime." Kaler's ongoing research should yield the most accurate listing of his grandfather's literary canon yet published.

For more information, contact Randy Cox at P.O. Box 226, Dundas, MN 55019. Incidentally, Cox's new book, *The Dime Novel Companion*, is reviewed on Page 20.

In this issue, in addition to Doug Fleming's brief look at the 2001 convention (he will offer a complete preview in the January-February *Newsboy*), on Page 7 we present the opening installment of "The Diamond Ring," by William Taylor Adams ("Oliver Optic"). Peter Walther (PF-548) produced the complete story in booklet form as a souvenir for the 1999 convention in DeKalb, Illinois. Subsequently, we thought it important to make this rare story available to the entire H.A.S. membership. Set in Boston during the opening days of the American Revolution, it's an excellent "whodunit."

We also offer on Page 16 (with special thanks to Janice and Mike Morley, who contacted the author and obtained reprint permission), a special tribute to Nancy Drew on her 70th birthday. *Oakland Tribune* staff writer Angela Hill also authors a short Nancy Drew mystery, set in 2000. It's great fun; I hope you enjoy it.

* * *

We now plunge onward in our ongoing survey of prominent publishers of boys' and girls' books and their methods (if any) for identifying first editions. As usual,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello Bill:

Hope everything is going well with you; the latest issue of *Newsboy* looked pretty good as usual. I am doing OK I guess. I had a complete hip replacement this summer. I have graduated from a wheelchair to a walker to a cane and am now walking on my own fairly well. Have not done any traveling since the convention in PA except a day trip down to Arcola and Arthur in southern Illinois. Lots of Amish people live around there (good eating around the area).

The kids gave me a new computer for my birthday, so my new e-mail address will be:

Johnwa9gxl@home.com

The computer is an iMac (w/Epson printer, Agfa scanner, etc.). It's a little different from my WebTV. I will probably drop the Web by the end of November.

Not much going on otherwise; hope I can make it to Ottawa; that would be #24 for me.

Regards,

John Juvinall (PF-537)

820 N. County Line Road

Hinsdale, IL 60521

sources were *A Pocket Guide to the Identification of First Editions*, compiled by Bill McBride (self-published, Hartford, Ct., 1995); *First Editions: A Guide to Identification*, third edition, edited by Edward N. Zempel and Linda A. Verkler (Peoria, Ill.: The Spoon River Press, 1995); and *How to Identify and Collect American First Editions*, by Jack Tannen (New York: Arco Publishing Co., 1976). Additional information was found by examining the books themselves. The previous installment ended with L.C. Page & Co., of Boston.

Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia

Alger collectors will recognize the Penn Publishing Company as one of the key first-edition publishers, even though only seven Alger titles were issued by Penn: *The Odds Against Him* (1890), *The Young Boatman* (1892), *Making His Mark* (1901), *The World Before Him* (1902), *Forging Ahead* (1903), *Finding a Fortune* (1904) and *The Young Musician* (1906).

Penn, which was formed in 1889, began publishing children's books the following year. In addition to Alger, authors whose works were published by Penn in these early years included Edward S. Ellis, James Otis (Kaler) and W. Bert Foster. In the 1900-1915 period, many well-written and highly collectible series by other authors were published (see below).

For a concise early history of the Penn Publishing Company, readers are referred to Robert E. Kasper's
(Continued on Page 18)

The NIU Horatio Alger Fellowship

The University Libraries, Northern Illinois University, recently inaugurated the Horatio Alger Fellowship for the Study of American Popular Culture. Funding is available to visiting scholars who will be using materials from the Libraries' major holdings in American popular culture. These holdings include the Albert Johanssen collection of more than 50,000 dime novels and the nation's preeminent collections related to Horatio Alger, Jr., and Edward Stratemeyer. Many other authors are represented.

The Fellowship award consists of a \$1,500 stipend. The pool of candidates was so exceptional that two individuals were selected this year. The visiting scholars will use the collections during October and November. Awardees are Ms. Felicia L. Carr, a graduate student in culture studies, George Mason University, who is working on a dissertation entitled, "All for Love: Gender and Class and the Woman's Dime Novel in the 19th Century;" and Ms. Kyoko Amano, a gradu-

ate student at SUNY Binghamton, who is completing a dissertation entitled, "Challenging Capitalist America: The Horatio Alger Myth and Revisory Literature of the American Dream."

This year, the Fellowships were funded by the NIU Libraries, but in future years will be funded, in part, by funds generated by the Horatio Alger Society Repository Endowment. Thanks to all the Partic'lar Friends who have contributed to the endowment thus far. The endowment door will always be open for your consideration.

Arthur P. Young, Dean
University Libraries
Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, IL 60115-2868
Tel: 815-753-9801
Fax: 815-753-9803
E-mail: ayoung@niu.edu

President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

Bart Nyberg in Chicago a few weeks ago and helped Bill with some software upgrades, which will be of great benefit in the production of **Newsboy**. I am pleased to report that John hopes to be with us in Ottawa this May.

I also want to send well-wishes to Ralph Gardner, who has had some medical problems since we saw him at the 2000 convention West Chester. Ralph wrote me recently and he is in good spirits. He had a stroke this fall and has also undergone surgery to amputate a leg. In the spring, Ralph will be fitted with an artificial leg and will learn how to walk with it. Unfortunately, he will not be able to join us at the convention this year. Let's keep Ralph in our thoughts and prayers.

Janice and Michael Morley are contacting the Scottsdale Pima to determine whether we will be able to hold our 2002 convention there. One issue we may face is that room rates tend to shift from "high" to "low" season in early May, and this may affect our ability to hold the convention the first weekend in May. I hope we will have more to report in the next **Newsboy**.

Of more immediate interest, Doug Fleming offers on page 3 a quick look at the 2001 convention in Ottawa, and coming up in the January-February **Newsboy** will be a complete convention preview with registration form, schedule of events and other highlights.

I've just received notice of the creation of a new quarterly journal that may be of interest to some H.A.S. members. It will be titled **Journal of the Gilded Age and Progressive Era**, and is a creation of the Society for Historians of the Gilded Age and Progressive Era. Since so many of the literary works in which we are interested were created in the period from 1865 through the 1920s, this journal should be of interest to history buffs and will surely shed light on the times in which some of our favorite literature was produced. The inaugural issue is still a year away; if anyone wants information on article submission policies, let me know.

As interest in the presidential election subsides — except for Political Scientists and constitutional law types who are still having a field day (at one point, I was receiving about 400 postings a day on three listservers) — Swarthmore has found a new public controversy in the College's decision to eliminate football.

I sincerely hope you have had a wonderful holiday season! I hope we get a little bit of the snow Bill Gowen, Bart Nyberg, John Juvinall, and our other Chicago-area Partic'lar Friends are seeing so that my son can have a good season with his new snowboard.

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Carol Nackenoff (PF-921)
302 S. Chester Road
Swarthmore, PA 19081
E-mail: cnacken@swarthmore.edu

Strive and Succeed Award

Each year, the Horatio Alger Society honors a high school senior who, in the time-honored tradition of Horatio Alger heroes, has overcome personal obstacles in order to set his or her career path. The award is the form of a check, presented to the recipient during a ceremony at the annual H.A.S. convention. It is intended to help defray college expenses.

The Horatio Alger Society appreciates the generosity of its members in donating to the H.A.S. **Strive and Succeed Award** fund. The below Partic'lar Friends made contributions during 2000:

Ralph R. Keeney (PF-331)
Ralph J. Carlson (PF-955)
Jeff Looney (PF-903)
R.J. Hatfield (PF-615)
Ken Hetrick (PF-992)
Ivan McClymont (PF-722)
Glen Bontrager (PF-1007)
Samuel T. Huang (PF-963)
Wally Parsons (PF-896)
Kenneth Kooyman (PF-981)
E. M. Sanchez-Saavedra (PF-788)
Paul F. Miller (PF-351)
Ruth W. Miller (PF-894)
Janice Morley (PF-957)
Michael Morley (PF-934)
Marc C. Williams (PF-958)
Daniel M. Petersen (PF-200)
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John M. Glasgow (PF-1012)
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Carol Nackenoff (PF-921)
Rolfe B. Chase (PF-602)
William D. Russell (PF-549)
William I. Murrell (PF-127)
Lee T. Allen (PF-977)
George W. May (PF-121)
Cynthia Ann Beard (PF-967)
Elizabeth Frank (PF-1017)

Carl E. Wulff (PF-900)
Peter A. Scollo (PF-222)
Gordon W. Huber (PF-843)
Karen Swanson (PF-942)
Robert A. Jones (PF-904)
Earl Reed Silvers, Jr. (PF-1034)
Bill Baab (PF-980)
Bernard A. Biberdorf (PF-524)
Arthur W. Smitter Jr. (PF-952)
Bill Roach (PF-978)
Sherwood E. Moore (PF-732)
Robert L. Kersch (PF-946)
Robert C. Lawless (PF-924)
Edward T. LeBlanc (PF-015)
Ed Evans, Jr. (PF-1000)

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Kyoko Amano (PF-1049)
12 Spruce St.
Derrick City, PA 16727-0053

David J. Yarrington (PF-1050)
0-1710 W. Leonard Road
Grand Rapids, MI 49544 (616) 677-5185

David, a retired professor, has 130 Algers in his collection. He also collects McGuffey readers, Noah Webster and New England primers.

Change of address

James P. Broderick (PF-912)
8 Royal Palm Way, #402
Boca Raton, FL 33432

Christine Gillespie (PF-1015)
325 Dartmouth Ave., J-4
Swarthmore, PA 19081 (610) 328-7475

Moving?

Send your new address, e-mail address and phone number to:

Horatio Alger Society
P.O. Box 70361
Richmond, VA 23255

ORIGINAL TALE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

THE DIAMOND RING;

Or The Astrologer's Stratagem.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

INTRODUCTION

"The Diamond Ring" represents the earliest known newspaper serial (not the first) by William T. Adams to survive in complete form. Although originally intended for the *American Union*, it was published in the *Boston Olive Branch* in three successive issues (November 4, 11 and 18, 1854) under his most famous *nom de plume*, "Oliver Optic." The author was paid \$15 for the story, which was likely written during the summer of 1852.

This rare story, never to my knowledge reprinted since, was prepared as a souvenir of "Dash to DeKalb," the 1999 Horatio Alger Society convention. That year marked the centenary of Alger's death, and I believed it fitting that we celebrated it with the re-emergence of a forgotten tale by Adams. In order to make this story available to the entire Horatio Alger Society membership, we are presenting it in *Newsboy*, beginning with this issue.

Can we accurately term "The Diamond Ring" a "dime novel?" The phenomenon as we know it underwent many changes, both stylistic and physical, between the 1860s and the 1930s. As many of us know, the very earliest dime novels were simply recycled newspaper serials published in a uniform and convenient format. "The Diamond Ring" is doubtless akin to the brotherhood of those early productions, and I like to think of it as a "Sensational Romance" or "Thrilling Novelette" rather than the designate "Dime Novel" as it is generally employed, although to be sure they generally (and generously) consisted of murder, mayhem and wild adventure anyway.

Very likely the only distinction need to be made is that the serial became a dime novel only as it was republished as a separate and self-contained item in its complete format. The Boston weekly papers of the 1840s and 1850s were full of such extravagantly plotted continued stories, and I poste "The Diamond Ring" as a representative example, although not as sensational as most. Adams wrote them, Alger wrote them and so did Alcott. Let us not forget their most famous practitioners: Sylvanus Cobb, M.M. Ballou, J.H. Ingraham, Justin Jones, Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, "Ned Buntline," Emerson Bennett, J.H. Robinson and many others.

The plot moves along briskly, and even in the descriptive passages the author keeps our interest focused and maintains a level of reader expectation. Our attention is never compromised. We are swept irresistibly along to the *denouement* by Adams' stylistic drive, unable to stem the current we are borne upon. This is the author's mastery; he captures us in the first chapter and he carries us relentlessly to the last. The plot may be trite but his style is not. Although the identity of the murderer is rather apparent early on and the ending somewhat contrived (many of these novelettes suffered from this latter flaw) the story itself proves entertaining and the plot is certainly original. Adams' strength lay in his proportions of the longer story form, rather than the shorter fiction. Although his characters are largely one-dimensional, few can fault him for his engaging plots, and some characters do stand out in the canon. The characters in "The Diamond Ring" react like puppets on a string, yet the story's propulsion and drive carry all before it.

A word of thanks to the curators of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., who supplied microfilm of the original issues which are part of their splendid repository. Also my gratitude of Mr. Samuel T. Huang and Dr. Arthur P. Young, the hosts of the 1999 H.A.S. convention, for allowing me to distribute "The Diamond Ring" to all attendees.

I especially acknowledge the research of Mr. Victor A. Berch of Marlborough, Mass., who discovered this serial in the first place. He unearthed it in the *Boston Olive Branch* while I was futilely trying to locate it in the *American Union*. Victor's assistance, generosity and scholarly attention to bibliographic detail in my behalf are beyond reckoning.

For more detailed information, I refer the reader to the completed segments on the *American Union*, *Boston Olive Branch*, *Dodge's Literary Museum* and the *Star Spangled Banner* as part of my ongoing *Bibliography of the Works of William T. Adams*.

— Peter C. Walther (PF-548)
Woodville
December 1, 2000

ORIGINAL TALE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

THE DIAMOND RING;

Or The Astrologer's Stratagem.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN 1775.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE GOLDSMITHS' SHOP.

In the year 1775 — a year memorable in the annals of our country — there was located in Newbury Street, a large wooden building, the ground floor of which was occupied by a jeweler's shop. Over the door, in what would now be termed rude letters, were inscribed the name and occupation of the inmates — "Dewrie & Waldeck, Goldsmiths."

It was the day after the battle of Lexington. A few excited colonists had gathered in the shop, discussing the particulars of the affray, the details of which were slowly spreading through the town. The affair had a startling effect. The fires of patriotism, which burned brightly in a thousand hearts, were all ready to burst out. It needed but such an act as that at Lexington to multiply events for the page of the historian.

The group in the goldsmiths' shop seemed to be of one mind. The vigorous proceedings of the "Committee of Safety" were warmly approved. All were eager for the strife, which should inform the mother country that her American Colonies were the homes of men, and not servile vassals, who would patiently submit to be scourged.

Behind the counter stood the senior of the partners, silent, but listening with intense interest to the discussion. Some brooding care seemed to have gathered over his mind, and closed up the deep

channels of his heart, for it beat not in unison with those of the group.

John Dewrie was no patriot. His soul was too narrow to admit any sentiment higher than the love of self. Ten years of stirring times had added but one care to his bundle of worldly vexations. He was rich — his mind and heart were absorbed in his money bags. The fear of being despoiled of his treasure was a source of more anxiety to him, than the invasion of his country's liberties. His sordid soul was unmoved by the oppression and tyranny which had roused his countrymen to action — to arms. He was identified with no code of principles, neither those of liberty nor of loyalty. His money bags were his all in all, and he was willing to espouse the cause of the party, which promised him the best protection in the possession of his wealth. Thus far, in his inability to decide the question satisfactorily, he had remained neutral, or rather had avoided a rupture with either party. With anxious solicitude he watched the signs of the times, and having no prejudices either way, he was impartial in his judgment.

While the group were thus discussing the question, they were interrupted by the entrance of a young man, scarcely twenty-one years of age — a nephew of the senior partner. His dress was disordered, and he was apparently exhausted by the fatigues of a recent journey.

The young man received a hearty greeting from the excited group, but his uncle appeared to regard him with a timid reserve.

"Well, Rob," said one of the group, "you are from Lexington?"

"I am; the first blow has been struck, the country is all in arms."

"Tell us about the fight, Rob, the fight! Did the militia do their duty like men?"

"Ay, soldier and civilian," replied the young man, who proceeded to relate the particulars of the affair, which are as familiar as household words to every American.

"Hurrah for the militia of Massachusetts!" shouted one of the more enthusiastic of the listeners, when the young man had completed his narration.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, let me entreat you to be cautious; you forget that the town is full of British soldiers," said the prudent John Dewrie, beginning to tremble lest the enthusiasm of the group should compromise his own standing with his loyalists.

"So it is — a curse upon them! But if there is any meaning in the public sentiment of Boston, they too will be driven out."

"Very likely; but you know there is nothing to be gained by imprudence," returned the goldsmith.

"You are over cautious, Mr. Dewrie."

"It is necessary to be very careful in these troublous times."

"Too much prudence will make you a traitor to the liberties of these colonies," and the speaker bestowed a most unequivocal sneer upon the timid goldsmith.

"I wish well to my country," replied Dewrie, in a fawning tone; "and I only ask her sons and patriots to use a little prudence and forethought. Yes, I wish well to my country."

"But not to your King," exclaimed a tall, elderly man wearing the uniform of a British officer, who at the moment entered the shop. "So, this is the headquarters of rebellion," and the speaker cast a glance of stern inquiry at the group.

"No, God forbid!" exclaimed the goldsmith, raising both hands in a deprecatory gesture. "We are all loyal citizens, Colonel Powell."

"Ay, loyal," said one of the group, "but liberty or death! The liberty of the English subject, or the death of the patriot martyr!"

"Beware! Citizens; your speech savors of rebellion," said Colonel Powell with a menacing gesture.

"Is it rebellion, sir, to insist upon the natural rights of the English subject?" said Robert Dewrie, with modest firmness.

"Ah! Young man, did I not see you at Lexington yesterday?" exclaimed the officer, fixing a gaze of surprise upon the goldsmith's nephew.

"It may be you did; I was there," fearlessly replied the young man.

"And in arms against your King!"

"In arms against tyranny and oppression."

Colonel Powell regarded the young man with astonishment. The haughty servant of the crown was not accustomed to hear his master thus bearded, but either from prudence or some other motive, he refrained from chastising the insolence, as, in his opinion, it merited. Turning towards the goldsmith, he drew from his pocket a ring, which he handed to him.

"Here is a ring, Mr. Dewrie, I have brought to be repaired."

"A glorious gem," exclaimed the goldsmith, as he cast an admiring glance at the brilliant diamond.

"And a valuable one," added Colonel Powell.

"Have a care with it; it belongs to my daughter, who values it next to her own soul. It was the gift of her deceased mother."

"Do not fear; I will be very careful with it," and the goldsmith continued his examination of the brilliant.

The ring was peculiar in its construction — so much so that the artisan was entirely engrossed in the survey of its strange and exquisite workmanship. Now, he admired the chaste and beautiful design, and then mumbled over a technical criticism of its superior finish. Turning it over and over, he examined in various positions the hue and brilliancy of the diamond. As if to ascertain the mould of the fair hand it was wont to adorn, he slipped it over his lean, attenuated finger. It would not pass over the joint, and the goldsmith, in the abstraction of his thoughts, carelessly turned it round until he crowded it over the bone.

"What are you about, sir?" said Colonel Powell as he saw the ring pass over the joint. "Is this your care?"

"It was quite accidental, quite," replied the jeweler, endeavoring to take off the ring.

"By heavens! Mr. Dewrie, you have got it over your drum-stick of a digit, and it will never come off until your finger comes with it."

"No fear of that, sir," and the goldsmith struggled in vain to remove the ring; the conformation of the joint effectually prevented its removal.

Colonel Powell, in his anger, used sundry undignified expressions, which added to the goldsmith's confusion. It was in vain he twisted the unfortunate finger; it refused to yield its treasure. Robert Dewrie and others of the group made an effort to remove it, but without success.

"My finger is swelled, Colonel Powell; and I shall not be able to get it off tonight," said John Dewrie, exhausted with his efforts, and the pain which had been produced by the unceremonious twistings of the officer.

"Very well; but if you do not remove it before tomorrow morning, your finger shall be chopped off. Is your partner, Mr. Waldeck, within?"

"He is; Robert show Colonel Powell into the back parlor."

The young man obeyed, and in a moment returned to the shop.

"Now, Uncle John, I want one hundred pounds this very night," said Robert, as he re-entered.

"One hundred pounds! Why, Robert, are you

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THE DIAMOND RING

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mad? I have not seen half the sum this many a day."

"But you can see it if you desire. I want to assist in furnishing provisions for the militia at Cambridge."

"Bravo!" exclaimed several of the group which still remained in the shop.

"You are crazy, Robert; you are crazy — you've lost your sense entirely," whined John Dewrie.

"Not at all, Uncle John. You are my guardian and I want the money."

"But, boy, you are under age."

"I shall be twenty-one in less than two months."

"I could not possibly raise such a sum, if I would."

"But you *must* raise it."

"And I *will* not," said the goldsmith, whose anger was rapidly supplanting his prudence.

"My country needs it, and have it I will, if I break into your strong box."

High words ensued, and the danger of violence seemed to be apparent to the listeners, and they interfered. Robert Dewrie was evidently roused to a high pitch of angry excitement, and with an oath he withdrew to an inner apartment.

The little knot of patriots soon after withdrew, to discuss the domestic brawl they had just witnessed. John Dewrie's reflections on the scene were far from agreeable. Remembering the threat to invade his strong box, the goldsmith opened a trap-door behind the counter, and descended to the cellar.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOAN.

Mr. Waldeck, the junior member of the firm, was a much younger man than his partner. He was seated at a desk in the back parlor, which connected with the shop. The desk was covered with account books and papers, and from the troubled expression of the gentleman's countenance, it was apparent that the "debit and credit," refused to be balanced.

In personal appearance, he was the very antipode of his partner. While Mr. Dewrie was the impersonation of all that is sordid and miserly Mr. Waldeck was dressed with the most scrupulous nicety, in the fashion of the day. He was about thirty years of age, of easy and affable manners, and, as

the world goes, passably good-looking. But his eye was sinister in its expression, seeming to project from its black and piercing depths, the most unmistakable indications of unworthy purposes and evil desires.

Occasionally, as he run up a column of figures, a muttered curse escaped him. He had closed the book with which he had been engaged, when Colonel Powell entered.

"Ah, Waldeck, I am glad to see you," said the officer, as he cordially shook the hand of the other.

"Colonel Powell! Then you were not shot by the rebels yesterday?" replied Waldeck.

"No! We had quite a pretty little fight with them; though, after all, we had to use our heels. But how are the funds today?" and Colonel Powell cast an anxious glance at the goldsmith.

"Short, very short, Colonel!" and Mr. Waldeck shook his head.

"I want five hundred pounds today."

"Impossible."

"I must have it."

"I should be very happy to oblige you, but the fact is, I have not a shilling in the concern at the present time."

"But you must raise it for me."

Mr. Waldeck knit his brow, and seemed to be struggling with his thoughts. While he reflects, we will make a few necessary explanations.

The firm, both members of which have been introduced to the reader, was one of the most distinguished in the town. It had the reputation of being the most wealthy — a circumstance which is explained by the wealth of the senior partner, who was the capitalist, while the other was the man of talent and skill.

Waldeck, by superior address, had crowded himself into the most opulent and aristocratic families, thus opening the way for a more extensive business, and increasing the reputation of his house.

Among others, Waldeck had been introduced into the family of Colonel Powell, an officer of the British crown. This gentleman was of luxurious habits, free and liberal with his incomes. As is often the case with such persons, his financial affairs were in an embarrassed condition. As his circle of acquaintances increased, his expenses grew proportionally greater, and he was obliged to resort to the money-lenders for assistance. Waldeck, with a masterly penetration, discovered the financial difficulties of the Colonel, and volunteered to supply all his wants. This he had done on doubtful securi-

ties, up to the time of our tale, when his own means were entirely exhausted.

Colonel Powell's demand for the loan of five hundred pounds, as he had said, it was impossible to meet. But Waldeck, for urgent reasons, was extremely anxious to furnish the accommodation — as much so, as the Colonel was to receive it.

Colonel Powell's daughter, Amelia, was the belle of the town. Besides the possession of surpassing personal charms, she was richly endowed with intellectual attractions. She was a sensible young lady, which, to the observing man, cannot but be accounted a wonderful circumstance in a beauty.

Towards Amelia, Waldeck had long cast an admiring gaze, scarcely hoping, however, in the crowd of gay flatterers that encircled her, to bear away the palm of victory. He had gazed and admired until his head and his heart both had been touched, and he could not look upon the prospect of defeat. Amelia had always treated him with respectful courtesy, and the little spark of hope was rapidly kindled into flame.

Waldeck feared to rest his suit upon his own individual merits alone. The father's embarrassments appeared to him the avenue through which he could reach the coveted prize. Since the opening of this business relation, Waldeck had become a frequent visitor at the dwelling of his debtor. Though nothing had ever been said on the subject, Waldeck could see that his visits were rather encouraged than discountenanced; and he also noticed that the applications for loans increased in frequency. His own exchequer was now exhausted. Of himself he was a poor man. If this fact should become known to Amelia's father, he doubted not that all his hopes would be instantly crushed.

Mr. Waldeck was thoroughly entangled in the meshes of the dilemma. He dared not refuse the demand, and it was impossible to comply with it.

"Well, sir, what do you think?" said Colonel Powell, impatient at the long silence of the other.

"Must you have the money today?"

"It would serve me tomorrow morning, if that will facilitate the business."

"Without doubt I can furnish the amount at that time," answered Waldeck.

"Thank you, but do not disappoint me."

"I will not."

"In the meantime if you are disengaged, drop into my house this evening, and we will have a

social game over a bottle of old Madeira."

"I thank you, Colonel, but I shall probably be occupied in obtaining this money."

"Sorry for it, but then business — what the devil is that noise in the shop?" said Colonel Powell as the angry dispute we have recorded in the last chapter, reached his ears.

"Nothing but a little difficulty between the old gentleman and his nephew," and Waldeck approached the door to ascertain the nature of the quarrel.

For a moment he listened, and a sinister smile played upon his lips.

"A lucky event," muttered he, as he turned from the door.

"Anything serious?" asked Colonel Powell.

"I think not; they have frequently quarreled of late."

For some time longer the two gentlemen conversed together. Waldeck appeared distracted, and often gave strange answers. He seemed to be engrossed with some purpose, which demanded all the energies of his thought and his will. After Colonel Powell's departure, he paced the room, occasionally muttering an exclamation of satisfaction, or, again, as the picture in his mind grew dark, vented an imprecation of impatience.

After pacing the room for a time in this manner, he gradually began to grow calmer, and when he had entirely subdued his agitation, he rung his bell which was answered by a colored boy, the only servant in the house beside the woman who officiated as house-keeper.

"Where is Robert?" asked Mr. Waldeck, in a different tone.

"Don' know, massa; spect he's in the room."

"See if he is."

"Shall I tell him massa wan' to see him?"

"No, only to ascertain if he is in the house."

The Negro departed, and soon returned with the intelligence that Robert was in his room. Mr. Waldeck seemed satisfied, and shortly after went into the shop.

Dewrie was still in the cellar. The door of the shop was locked. Waldeck walked up and down the apartment several times, and then approached the trap-door behind the counter, through which his partner had descended. For a moment he paused as if in doubt; his brow contracted, and his black eye seemed to expand before the thought that struggled for expression. Then, after casting a hasty glance

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THE DIAMOND RING

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towards the door, he raised the trap and descended.

In this cellar was the depository of John Dewrie's wealth. At the first indications of a rebellious spirit in his country, visions of robbery, pillage, and siege had constantly haunted him. His immense wealth he feared would become the prey of the soldiers. In the truest sense, he was a friendless man; and his lonely and unsympathizing heart magnified the dangers. His neighbors believed him wealthy, but they had no conception of the extent of his riches, for his miserly disposition prompted him to conceal the fact as much as possible.

The events connected with the Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, and finally the quartering of the soldiers in the town, had destroyed all his hopes of a peaceable conclusion to the difficulties. His anxiety gave him no respite from the gloomy forebodings that clustered around his existence. Deprived of his natural rest, his cares had made deep inroads upon his constitution. Day by day he grew thinner and paler, his step became more feeble, his eyes sunk deeper into his head, and *miser* was written on every lineament of his countenance.

Unless some respite from his cares should be found, he foresaw that they would bring him to the grave. The fear of death was stronger, if possible, than the love of money. But where should he look for counsel and sympathy? His life had won him no friends. His nephew, but yet a boy, was a partisan in the strife. His partner was young, and might not be worthy of his confidence. But there was no alternative.

Reluctantly, therefore, he disclosed to Mr. Waldeck the great secret of his existence. By his aid a plan was devised, which promised to afford ample protection to the treasure in the hour of invasion.

The cellar wall on the street was taken down, and beneath the side-walk a capacious vault was excavated. This was stoned up and arched over. The treasure, the extent of which surprised Mr. Waldeck, was removed from various trunks and drawers in which it had been secreted, and deposited in the vault. The cellar wall was then replaced, and the avaricious goldsmith as he regarded the perfection of the contrivance, felt entirely secure for the first time in many years. All the labor of this operation had been performed by the partners, so that no other person suspected the existence of the secret vault.

The threat of Robert Dewrie had startled his uncle. Perhaps the young man had discovered the secret. The thought was appalling, and the old man had stationed himself as sentinel over it.

Robert Dewrie was an orphan, and having been left at a tender age with a considerable property, his uncle was appointed his guardian. His available estate, with that of the goldsmith was deposited in the vault.

When Mr. Waldeck entered the cellar, he found his partner examining the wall, to ascertain if any effort had been made to remove the stones.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS.

It was evening and Robert Dewrie was still in his room. The events of the day had made a deep impression upon his mind. He had quarreled with his uncle, and had used hard words and threatened violence to him. In the quiet of his apartment, now that the heat of his passion had passed away, he regretted it. The sordid character of his uncle rendered him an object of disgust to the open-hearted young man, and it was not an unusual thing for him to indulge in harsh epithets towards each other. But the rupture of that day was much more violent than had ever occurred before.

There was no light in the room, and in the darkness the young patriot paced the apartment. The quarrel did not claim all his attention. He was disappointed in being unable to furnish the proposed aid for the militia.

While thus deliberating, the door was gently opened, and a man entered the room. It was too dark for the young patriot to distinguish his features.

"Robert, are you there?" said the man.

"Mr. Waldeck; I am glad to see you," said Robert, as he recognized the voice of his uncle's partner, whom he had not seen since his return from Lexington.

"Give me your hand, my boy; I was afraid you might have been shot in your rebellious excursion," replied Waldeck as he grasped the hand of the other.

"I was not born to be shot; besides, your loyal subjects are not sharp shooters."

"And your uncle gave you a lecture for your impudence, did he not? I heard some hard words

pass between you."

"We did have a little difficulty; but it was not on that account. I wanted a hundred pounds and the old gentleman refused to let me have it."

"Why did you not come to me then?"

"Because my uncle has my property in his keeping, and I only wanted my own."

And a better reason was, that the young man had but little regard for Waldeck — not even enough to borrow his money.

"But where is your uncle? I have not seen him since I overheard the quarrel?"

"I do not know. I have not been out of my room since."

"Strange; he is not in the habit of absenting himself even for half an hour."

"He is safe, I will warrant. Have you a hundred pounds you can spare?" said Robert, willing in his emergency, to accept the proffered loan.

"Certainly; I will bring it to you in a few moments," and Waldeck groped his way out of the room.

Soon after, Waldeck brought him a purse containing the money. Throwing a cloak over his shoulders he descended the stairs and left the house. Passing down Newbury, Marlborough and Cornhill, he turned up Queen Street and stopped in front of the stately mansion of Colonel Powell. With his cloak wrapped closely around him, he gazed at the windows of the illuminated apartment. Whatever his object, it seemed to elude him, and his patience exhausted itself. Several times he walked up and down the street, and then with a kind of desperate effort of his will, he turned down the narrow passage way that led to the back door of the house. Here he knocked, and his summons was answered by a black girl.

"Ah, Massa Robert, dat you?"

"Yes, it is I," and the young man slipped a piece of gold into the girl's hand. "Where is your mistress?"

"In de parlor, Massa Robert."

"With company?"

"No sir, no one but de Colonel."

"How can I see her, Rose?"

The colored girl gravely deliberated upon the point, and finally decided that a meeting could take place in the dining-room, though the parties would incur some risk of an interruption from the Colonel. Accordingly, she conducted the young man thither. The dining-room was contiguous to the parlor, and Robert could distinctly hear the conversation of the

inmates. But the colored girl had been mistaken as to the company, an error she hastened to correct by informing him that Mr. Waldeck was there.

The brow of Robert Dewrie contracted and a muttered imprecation escaped his lips. The girl assured him she would manage it. The gentlemen were talking business matters, she said, and Miss Amelia was reading.

Rose was a thorough mistress of the art of diplomacy, and she made good her assurance.

"Robert! How could date to venture to enter into my father's house?" said Amelia Powell, as she entered the dining-room.

"Love will brave any danger, Amelia," and the young man threw his arm around her neck and boldly implanted a kiss upon her glowing cheek, which the maiden neglected to resent.

"You are too reckless, Robert; if my father should surprise us, I know not what might be the consequences."

"It matters not; if your heart is still true, you will fear no consequences but separation."

"It is that I fear most, dear Robert," and her eyes beamed with that pure affection which hallows and ennoble the human heart.

"You are the same generous girl; you love me still."

"Love you still! Why, Robert, can you permit your heart to harbor a doubt?"

"Nay, nay, I spoke but lightly. Is Mr. Waldeck with your father?"

"He is."

"Does he still persecute you, as you pleased to term it?"

"He does; and what is worse, my father seems to encourage his attentions."

A shade of anxious solicitude darkened the brow of the young man.

"But fear not, Robert; death alone can divide us."

"Bless you! Dearest; I shall yet prove worthy of your devotion," and Robert Dewrie took her willing hand.

"The fidelity of your heart alone can make you worthy," said the maiden softly, as her eyes dropped upon their united hands.

"Why, Robert, your hand is covered with blood!" exclaimed she.

The young man withdrew his hand. The palm and fingers were dyed with blood!

"I had not observed it before," said Robert, as he gazed with astonishment at the dark stains.

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THE DIAMOND RING

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"You were at Lexington, Robert?"

"I was."

"And wounded?"

"Not badly; only a sabre cut on my arm; but it was on the other arm."

"You *were* badly wounded, I know you were. This is your own blood."

"No, dearest, it was only a mere scratch," and he turned up his sleeve and exhibited a slight cut; but there was no appearance of blood about it.

"Where did these stains come from then?"

"Indeed, I know not."

"But you are every day endangering your life, Robert. Promise me that you will not engage in this rebellion."

"I cannot promise that, dear Amelia, even to you."

"But remember it is treason against your King."

"Is it not a just cause? Have not *you* acknowledged thus much?"

"I have, Robert; but I cannot endure the thought that you may lose your life in some affray."

"My duty is plain; do not use your gentle eloquence to win me from it."

"I will not; may God protect you in the hour of peril!"

"And now, love, it may be long before I see you again; but be of good heart, and all shall yet terminate in joy."

"Heaven grant that it may!"

After an affectionate adieu, the young man prepared to depart. The last words of such an interview are generally the most interesting; at least, it was so in this instance, and the lovers lingered long in the interchange of the heart's tenderest emotions. The end came at last, and Amelia opened the door communicating with the hall.

"So, so! My cooing doves, you have fallen into the fowler's net this time," said Colonel Powell, who stood erect with his arms folded at the entrance of the room.

The lovers were astounded at this unfortunate accident, as they supposed it. The young girl shrunk back in dismay, but Robert calmly met the gaze of the angry father.

"Amelia, to your room!" shouted Colonel Powell, exasperated by the cool indifference of the young man. "To your room; and as for you, sir, if you ever darken my doors again, I will horsewhip you."

"Do not be angry father," pleaded Amelia.

"To your room! disgraced and dishonored!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Amelia, "is it possible you can use such terms with me?"

"Ay, to you; who the devil are you?" and the Colonel's passion entirely displaced his usual dignity. "Is this consistence with the honor of a maiden?"

"Colonel Powell, your hasty imputation is both cruel and unjust," interrupted Robert, with dignified calmness.

"Puppy!" sneered Colonel Powell, "without doubt, you can honestly defend her actions."

"Father, my actions need no defence," exclaimed Amelia, all the womanly pride of her nature roused by the injustice of her father; "I need no defense, Robert Dewrie is my affianced husband!"

"Then, by ———, you had better be separated very soon. To your room, girl, to your room!"

Amelia, fearful of the strife that impended, obeyed the command.

"Robert Dewrie, you are a traitor to your King and country. A word from me will hang you. Regard for your friends alone withholds that word."

"Proceed, sir," said the young man, unmoved by the threat.

"Leave my house, sir, or I will give you into the hands of the soldiers."

"I will leave your house, Colonel Powell, but I shall still dare to be true to my country," and Robert Dewrie, folding his cloak around him, departed from the house.

"Cooly done by heavens!" muttered the Colonel as he closed the door, and returned to the parlor, in which Waldeck was awaiting him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MURDER.

Punctually to his appointment, Colonel Powell went to the goldsmith's shop the next morning. Mr. Waldeck was in the shop alone. The loan of five hundred pounds was ready; the necessary papers were executed, and the officer with a feeling of deep satisfaction, deposited the amount in his pocket.

"Where is Mr. Dewrie?" asked he.

"He has not been seen since your visit here yesterday afternoon," replied the goldsmith with a nervous twitch of the head.

"Is it possible! Where can he be?"

"I can form no idea. The last I heard of him was

during the quarrel with his nephew — you remember the circumstance,” and Mr. Waldeck fixed an uneasy glance upon Colonel Powell.

“I do, perfectly well. Have you made any inquiries?”

“Yes, I have been to every place he is accustomed to visit, but have been unable to obtain any tidings of him. His bed was not occupied last night.”

“My daughter’s ring was on his finger at the time I called upon you. See if it is in the shop.”

Mr. Waldeck searched, but the ring could not be found.

“Nothing has happened to him, I trust.”

“Since I came into the shop this morning and learned he was not in the house, I have felt the most gloomy doubts.”

“Where is this villainous nephew?” and Colonel Powell scowled at the mention of that name.

“He has not been seen since the quarrel with his uncle. Probably you had the last interview with him.”

The events of the previous evening, as the reader has suspected, were known to him; indeed, he had followed Robert Dewrie, and given Colonel Powell the information which had made him a listener at the dining-room door.

“The quarrel has not resulted in anything serious, has it?” asked Colonel Powell, with a glance of intelligence at the other.

“No, the young man is, in the main, a very good fellow.”

“But, in his passion, he has not made way with the old man?”

“Impossible! He could never be guilty of such an act.”

“Perhaps not; but my own opinion of the young fellow is anything but favorable.”

“You wrong him by such a suspicion. I assure you he is a very worthy man; and as to any immoral or criminal act, he is utterly incapable of it.”

“Perhaps he is. But have you searched the house?”

“Yes, every part of it.”

“Where does he keep his valuables?”

Mr. Waldeck hesitated a moment, and then replied that they were scattered about in various hiding-places, he believed; he did not know where.

“Have you examined the cellar?”

Mr. Waldeck acknowledged that the thought of searching the cellar had never occurred to him — that it was a mere lumber-room, rarely visited by anyone.

Colonel Powell, who in his prejudice against

Robert Dewrie, was harboring the most terrible suspicion of him, proposed to search the cellar. Waldeck, protesting that it was needless, assented, and the trap-door was raised. As they were about to descend, two of the neighbors who had been engaged in the search, entered the shop. They were requested to accompany the others, and the four descended together.

On the bottom of the cellar lay the hat of the missing man.

“Here is a clue, at least; let us examine more closely,” said Powell, as he stooped over to examine more particularly, the spot which was partially obscured by the darkness of the cellar.

“Good heavens! Here is blood!” exclaimed he, as his eyes rested on a large red pool.

“Ay, it is blood!” repeated one of the neighbors.

“Great God! Is it possible? Are you sure it is blood, Colonel?” said Mr. Waldeck, in a slightly tremulous tone.

“Blood? Certainly, sir! I have been long enough a soldier to know blood when I see it,” replied the Colonel. “But let us look farther.”

“Here is a knife,” said one of the men, who had been engaged in the search, as he picked up a long-bladed jack-knife.

“And covered with blood,” added Colonel Powell as he took the knife. “This looks like foul play.”

“It does indeed! Said Mr. Waldeck, whose nerves were terribly agitated.

“Ay, there has been murder here — foul, cold-blooded murder!” exclaimed Colonel Powell.

“But to whom does this knife belong? That may throw some light on the assassin,” and he approached the little window, which shed a few faint rays upon the scene.

“Here is a name,” continued he, as he discovered a small silver plate on the handle, “but it is so stained with blood that I cannot read it.”

With his handkerchief he rubbed the blood from the plate, and approached still nearer the window to read the name.

“My suspicion was not unfounded,” said Colonel Powell. “The name is Robert Dewrie.”

“My God!” exclaimed Waldeck; “it cannot be.”

“I fear it is too true; and the murder must have been committed in this place. Now, where is the body? Look around, gentlemen, look around and see if there are any indications of the ground having been disturbed.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The truth about The Sleuth

Turning back the old clock as Nancy Drew turns 70

Introduction

With 53 Nancy Drew books at home, I think I qualify as an avid fan of the titian-haired amateur sleuth. I remember the delight as a child of 10 or so, going with my mom to the bookstore to get the next Nancy Drew book.

And the next. And more.

Nancy was my inspiration in becoming a reporter. The thrill of the investigation. Of the mystery. Of the clues.

So, when I saw an Associated Press wire story about the 70th anniversary of the Drew books, I couldn't resist honoring my idol, and trying my own hand at a little of the "Keene" style. To my pleasant surprise, the stories received a welcome re-sponse from readers, several who wrote that the articles brought back the same fun childhood memories that I'd had myself.

One woman suggested, however, that I should have mentioned the prolific Nancy ghostwriter Mildred Wirt more prominently in the anniversary story, and I agree.

But most of the responses were just pleasant notes, and I was so happy to have reached a few fellow fans.

— Angela Hill
Dec. 12, 2000

by Angela Hill

Staff Writer, ANG Newspaper Group

It's Nancy Drew's 70th birthday.

The first books about the titian-haired amateur sleuth were published in 1930, but updated versions are still popular with pre-teen girls, and the old classics are much cherished by grown women everywhere.

Still, the mystery remains: How did Nancy travel the world, solve all those mysteries and have gallons of tea before she turned 19?

"It probably helped that she had a team of writers doing it for her," says Grace Grote, 80, of Venice, Fla., probably the closest thing to a living relative of the teen detective — one of the very real ghostwriters on the series.

No, there was never a Carolyn Keene. Nancy Drew was

invented by a man — yes, man — named Edward Stratemeyer, who also developed and syndicated the Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, and numerous other children's books.

Only the first three Nancy Drew books were published in 1930. Then Stratemeyer suddenly died, leaving the syndicate to his two daughters and eventually a host of other ghostwriters.

Grote got involved about 1960, when the books were going through numerous updates and rewrites, "getting rid of things like running boards on cars and helpful little black boys who said 'yes, ma'am,'" Grote says.

She learned about the job because her husband, then a high-school physics teacher, was working at the Stratemeyer syndicate as a technical consultant for the Tom Swift series. "He had to come up with wild inventions, but scientifically plausible ones," she says.

Grote decided to write an outline for a Hardy Boys book. "We happened to live in a house in the woods at the time, and one night there was this unearthly howling that came out of the woods. So I wrote up a spooky story based on that." She got the job.

At the time, Grote says, about eight writers in an office in East Orange, N.J., worked on all the syndicate books. She loved it. She would go on "research trips" because the locations in the books had to be accurate. For one of the Dana Girls series, the story was set at an archaeological dig, so Grote found a dig somewhere in Arizona, went there and wrote about it.

Grote did the full rewrite for Nancy Drew's "The Secret of Shadow Ranch," keeping with the "Carolyn Keene" tone of flowery language. "Yes, the 'clever-minded' Nancy was always 'dressed smartly' or said something 'calmly,'" Grote says, chuckling softly at the quaint style.

Even in the '60s, the Nancy books were still under the loving direction of Stratemeyer's daughter, Harriet Adams, before the rights were purchased by Simon & Schuster. Mrs. Adams — as she was always called — was "meticulous about picking up all the tiny loose points in the stories," Grote says. "We'd go through the office, and everybody would read the copy, looking for things like 'What happened to that boy behind the tree in chapter three?'"

"I always thought the fascinating thing was that Mr. Stratemeyer was quite the Victorian gentlemen, but he hit on something that struck a nerve with little girls," Grote says. "Nancy had no mother. There was nobody there to say 'Nancy, you have to do this.' Hannah (the Drews' beloved housekeeper in the series) was motherly. Sewed on buttons. Was supportive to the end. But had no real authority.

"Nancy was the lady of the house. Independent.

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And it was great to have just a doting, but laissez-faire, dad to say 'I know you plan to go across Niagara Falls on a bicycle, but be careful.'"

So Grace, if Nancy were still around today at age 70, what would her career have been?

"It's hard to tell. She never had any education. She graduated from high school — Daddy gave her the car for graduation — but then she was running around the country finding old clocks when she should have been in college.

"And she was always having tea," Grote says. "It was so funny how in every book, no matter how deep they were into a case, Nancy and her chums would be going around investigating something, then find some time to stop for afternoon tea."

How about police work?

"No. No police or FBI job. She was too much white gloves and little Cuban heels to do anything like that. Too dignified to get into police work directly. Maybe a lawyer. Heavens, Daddy might even take her as a partner."

Whould she have married Ned?

"I don't think so. He's pretty dull for her, don't you think?"

The Argus editor's note: Nancy Drew turned 70 this year. So we thought we'd see what the beloved sleuth's life would be like as a 70-year-old woman in 2000 in standard Carolyn Keene style, in the following mystery:

Nancy Drew and the Birthday Gift Mystery

by Angela Hill
Staff Writer, ANG Newspaper Group

Nancy Drew swept cheerfully through the door, displaying the same spirited spring in her step she'd had as a teenager.

Tossing her pocketbook on the foyer table, the silver-haired, 70-year-old attorney hugged her grand-niece and namesake, Nancy Evans, whom everyone affectionately referred to as Nan.

"Oh, Aunt Nancy!" the girl exclaimed, hugging the older woman tight. "I'm so glad you've arrived. And it couldn't be better timing. I have a little mystery for you to solve. It even has your name on it," Nan added, with a wink.

Always one to enjoy a good mystery, Nancy was intrigued.

Nan was not really Nancy's niece: rather, the granddaughter of Nancy's longtime chum, Bess Evans, formerly Bess Marvin. The friends had kept close, however, and Nancy had helped Bess' large family with legal assistance on many occasions through the years.

Nancy had come to visit her "niece," who had just begun her first semester of college in Berkeley. The travel arrangements worked out perfectly, as Nancy had recently been in San Diego, visiting her other lifelong pal, Bess' cousin George Fayne, who retired there after years of service in the U. S. Navy.

Nancy sat down on the comfy couch in the small, but tasteful, bungalow where Nan was staying. The girl handed her a little gold-filigree jewelry box.

Nancy immediately observed that one of the side panels was loose, and the girl explained how the box had crashed to the floor while she'd been dusting.

The Drew woman remembered the box well. It had been a gift years ago from her father, prominent attorney Carson Drew. She recalled how he'd been out of town on a lengthy case and had mailed the gift to their home in River Heights for her 18th birthday, and in thanks for her help in *The Secret of the Wooden Lady*. She had long cherished the box, and later passed it on to Nan for a high school graduation present.

It was hard for Nancy to believe so many decades had passed since her first mystery, *The Secret of the Old Clock*. Since then, she'd joined her father's law practice in River Heights, married — not Ned Nickerson, as George and Bess had often predicted — but Howard Brady, a young man and college friend of Ned's, whom she'd met during *The Mystery of the Brass-Bound Trunk*.

Nancy had kept her maiden name because of the law practice, a daring move for a girl of that era, but one which proved useful, nonetheless. Both Howard, a decorated police officer, and her father had passed away about five years ago.

Now at 70, Nancy was still fit and trim as she was in college, her once-titian hair done in an attractive bob. The only other signs of age were the deep creases in her forehead from years of pondering many a mystery.

"I've been feeling just terrible about harming this adorable box," Nan cried. "But maybe you'll forgive me when you see what I've found inside."

Nancy carefully opened the damaged box, saw that it could easily be repaired and smiled to herself at her niece's sweet but excessive concern. Peering inside, Nancy spied a small white card, protruding from behind the broken panel. She instantly recognized her father's careful script.

"Why, Dad must have tucked this inside, and I never found it," she thought. "What kind of detective must I have been?" She chided herself because it might very

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Nancy Drew and the Birthday Gift Mystery

(Continued from Page 17)

well have been something important.

The mysterious note read, "For your real gift, try davenport." The words were followed by a series of numbers. A mischievous expression crossed Nancy's face, and she dashed to the phone, her still-nimble fingers punching the numbers rapidly on a long-distance call.

"My hunch was right," she said, hanging up the phone. "This certainly explains an old mystery. This number was — still is — the phone number of River Heights Jewelers. It explains why, when Dad returned from that trip a month later, I got a second birthday present. A lovely ivory bracelet. Apparently I was supposed to find this note and retrieve the gift myself. He must have been terribly disappointed that I never caught on."

"Why, Nancy Drew! You're still the detective," Nan said, in amazement. "How in the world did you know to phone the jewelry store? Was it some sort of code?"

Nancy smiled with a gleam in her eye. "In a way. A very old code," she said. "Years ago, words were commonly used in place of prefixes for phone numbers, such as Pennsylvania or Davenport, to make them easier to remember.

"Not too many people would still know the names, so I'm not surprised it seemed mysterious to you."

"You're so clever, Aunt Nancy," the girl said, embracing her aunt.

"Not really, Nancy answered, chuckling. "Just old!"

As she stood, continuing to grasp the delicate box, her still-keen blue eyes noticed more writing on the back of the small card.

It read, "Nancy dearest. Happy Birthday. To the oldest 18-year-old I know!"

"Well, if that's not appropriate to get this now, I don't know what is," Nancy said gaily, tossing her silvery bob back with laughter.

She and Nan decided to celebrate the conclusion of this "mystery" by going out for afternoon tea at a charming little restaurant just down the street.

Little did Nancy know she would soon be involved in yet another mystery, thanks to Hannah Gruen. Mrs. Gruen had taken care of Nancy and the Drew household when Nancy was just a girl, after the death of Mrs. Drew years before. Both Nancy and her father were very fond of her, and the venerable Mrs. Gruen was now living in a retirement community in River Heights.

"Hannah left me a message that she bought an old album at a yard sale, and discovered some sort of map inside..." Nancy told her niece. "I simply can't wait to take a look at it. It could lead to another mystery!"

(This article originally appeared in *The Argus*, an ANG Newspapers publication. Reprinted by permission.)

Editor's notebook

(Continued from Page 5)

article in the July-August, 1997 *Newsboy*.

Usual identification method: From 1890 until the early 1920s, Penn used matching dates (years) on the title page and copyright page (verso) to identify its first editions. From around 1900 until the early teens, the year on the title page was usually given in Roman numerals. Examples include Alger's *Making His Mark*, *The World Before Him*, *Forging Ahead*, *Finding a Fortune* and *The Young Musician*. Occasionally, a first edition contained a title-page date one year later than the copyright date, provided that no additional printings were listed on the copyright page, so a "one year off" book can be a first edition.

By the mid-1920s, Penn stopped self-identifying first editions, as evidenced by this 1928 statement from the company: "As we indicate first editions in none of our books, we are unable to give you any information regarding the subject about which you inquire."

However, in a 1936 statement, Penn changed its stance: "The only way they (first editions) can be identified from subsequent editions is by the fact that in later editions the words second, third or fourth printing, with the date, will be found on the copyright page."

Prominent series and authors: They include the *West Point Series* (1904-11) by Paul B. Malone; *Annapolis Series* (1907-10) and *Roger Paulding Series* (1911-14) by Edward L. Beach; *United States Midshipman Series* (1908-13) by Lt. Cmdr. Yates Stirling; *College Athletic Series* (1907-11) and *Philip Kent Series* (1914-19) by T. Truxtun Hare; *Bud Bright Series* (1929-31) by A. Van Buren Powell; *Young Continentals Series* (1909-12) and *Buckskin Books* (1913-15) by John T. McIntyre; *Patriot Lad Series* (1923-36) by Gordon Russell Carter and Penn's longest series, the 15-volume *Rambler Club Series* (1909-16) by W. Crispin Sheppard.

G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York

Still in the publishing business today as part of a larger conglomerate, Putnam's produced only a handful of juvenile series in its early years, but it remains an important publisher in the field. In fact, the recent history is so fascinating I will summarize it as follows:

G.P. Putnam's remained in business under its own name until the 1980s, when the merger and consolidation craze taking place throughout the industry made its presence felt. In 1982, G.P. Putnam's purchased that best-known of series-book publishers, Grosset & Dunlap, and the company became known as the Putnam Berkley Group, with a subsidiary, the Putnam-Grosset Group, handling children's titles.

In 1996, the Putnam Berkley Group merged with

Penguin USA to become Penguin Putnam, Inc., which is how the company is known today in the United States. Penguin Putnam, headquartered in New York, is an affiliate of the international Penguin Group, the second-largest trade book publisher in the world. Grosset & Dunlap remains an important imprint with 100 to 125 children's books published annually. The original (pre-Simon & Schuster) **Hardy Boys** and **Nancy Drew** books are still reprinted by G&D.

So much for recent history. Let's look at the early years of G.P. Putnam's Sons as pertaining to juvenile books:

Usual identification method: In the early years of the 20th century, Putnam's used the old standby system of corresponding dates (years) on the copyright page and title page. But, of course, there are exceptions; for example, some book titles in the 1920s and 30s are stated first editions, with the unique nature of this statement shown in the illustration at right for the 1927 first edition of *David Goes to Baffin Land*. In books of this time period, subsequent impressions were listed on the copyright page (see *David Goes to Greenland*, at right). Today, books by G.P. Putnam's use an ascending number system to identify printings, though that is not pertinent to our study.

Prominent series and authors: The most desirable series among collectors by G.P. Putnam's Sons is the scarce **Boy Adventurers Series** (1922-24) by A. Hyatt Verrill (this series uses matching dates to identify first editions). Other Putnam's books include the first 11 titles in the **Bronc Burnett Series** (1948-60) by Wilfred McCormick; the above-mentioned **David Series** (1925-31) by David Binney Putnam; the **Deric Series** (1926-27) by Deric Nusbaum and the very scarce *The Lone Ranger Rides*, by Fran Striker, published in 1941.

Reilly & Britton (later, Reilly & Lee), Chicago

These publishers are best known for the oversized, illustrated **Oz Books**, written by L. Frank Baum and several successors. However, there were numerous other traditional series books also produced by Reilly & Britton and Reilly & Lee.

Usual identification method: For Reilly & Britton books, the first edition can be identified by matching dates on the copyright page and title page, with no additional printings listed on the copyright page. When the imprint became Reilly & Lee, the publisher started using "First Printing" on the copyright page.

Prominent series and authors: Most collectible are the **Boy Fortune Hunters Series** by "Floyd Akers" (L. Frank Baum) and the **Sam Steele Series** by "Capt. Hugh Fitzgerald" (Baum). Other series include the **Airship Boys Series** by H.L. Sayler; **Aeroplane Boys Series** by "Ashton Lamar" (Sayler); and the **Boy Scouts of the Air Series** by "Gordon Stuart" (Sayler and other authors).

(To be continued next issue.)

DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

Copyright, 1927

by

G. P. Putnam's Sons

This is a copy of the First Edition

G.P. Putnam's Sons



Made in the United States of America

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND

Copyright, 1926

by

Perry Mason Company
(The Youth's Companion)

Copyright, 1926

by

G. P. Putnam's Sons

Published, October, 1926

Second impression,	October, 1926
Third	October, 1926
Fourth	November, 1926
Fifth	December, 1926
Sixth	December, 1926
Seventh	December, 1926
Eighth	September, 1927
Ninth	November, 1927
Tenth	September, 1928
Eleventh	November, 1928



Made in the United States of America

BOOK REVIEW

J. Randolph Cox: *The Dime Novel Companion, A Source Book*. 2000, Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Westport, Ct 06881. 376 pages, hardbound. ISBN 0-313-25674-8. \$79.50. Order by calling toll-free at 1-800-225-5800. Major credit cards accepted.

Reviewed by William R. Gowen (PF-706)

One of the first questions a researcher asks when picking up a reference book is, "How easy is it to use? Is it confusing, or does it lead me where I want to go?"

Randy Cox's *The Dime Novel Companion*, well over a decade in preparation, has definitely been worth the wait. Yes, it is easy to use, and it leads the reader to where he needs to go.

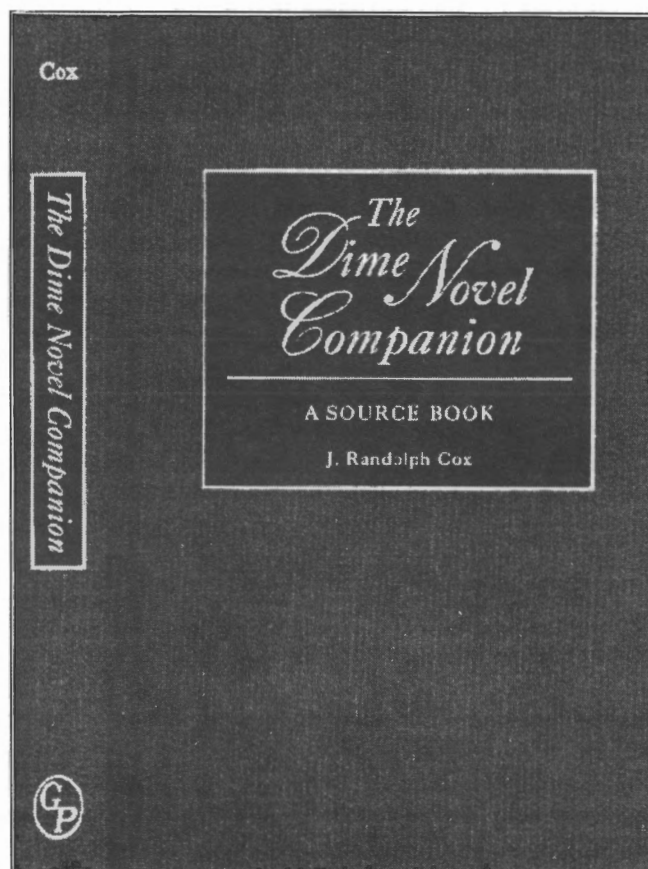
As Cox states in his foreword, "*The Dime Novel Companion* is intended to serve the general reader as well as the specialist."

As editor of *Dime Novel Round-Up*, Cox's credentials are self-evident; even before he assumed editorship of this publication in 1994, he worked for many years as a researcher and contributor for *DNRU* under its long-time editor Edward T. LeBlanc (the dedicatee). So it's no surprise this book speaks from authority and is essential for every serious researcher's reference shelf.

The Dime Novel Companion is also valuable for someone in search of more generalized information; for example, a newspaper or magazine reporter, film or television scriptwriter or other person in need of a general information on the dime novel phenomenon and era. How many times have I seen a movie or read an article in *Sports Illustrated*, for example, and cringed when the fictional character Deadwood Dick, Frank Merriwell or Nick Carter was misused because the writer was misinformed? With this book at hand, a conscientious reporter should be able to write with accuracy.

The Dime Novel Companion contains a wonderful introductory chapter titled "Dime Novel Days: An Introduction and History," in which Cox delves into such important topics as history of dime novels, what they contained, a description of typical dime novel heroes, along with a brief background on the prominent publishers and their methodology, including reprint cycles that kept many stories in circulation for decades. Cox also looks at the typical dime novel reader, dime novel collector and trends in scholarship, the latter including a listing of the largest dime novel collections held by public and university libraries available to researchers.

Of course, it is these large collections that are the source material for diligent researchers. Cox's book is not intended to provide all the answers. It is a gateway to lead the researcher to the mother lode — the dime



novels themselves and the various publishers' archives.

Following this introductory chapter, *The Dime Novel Companion* presents an encyclopedic listing, arranged alphabetically, of more than 1,200 entries covering serial publications, writers, editors, publishers, major characters, genres of stories (frontier and western stories, railroad stories, detective and mystery stories, etc.), along with themes and story locales. These are cross-referenced for ease of navigation throughout the book.

Cox adds an appendix containing a publishing chronology of more than 300 serial publications, and he also offers a selected bibliography of some three dozen secondary sources, including such essential titles as Albert Johannsen's *The House of Beadle and Adams and Its Dime and Nickel Novels*; and in a more popular vein, Quentin Reynolds' *The Fiction Factory*; or, *From Pulp Row to Quality Street*.

The book's index lists the primary entries in boldface type and those mentioned within the text in lightface.

In summary, *The Dime Novel Companion* is perfectly titled because there's no way every bit of research on this subject could be crammed into 376 pages. But it contains all the essential information, and it is ideally structured for both the casual reader as well as the serious researcher. For those of us immersed in this fascinating literary field, it may be the best 80 dollars ever spent.